

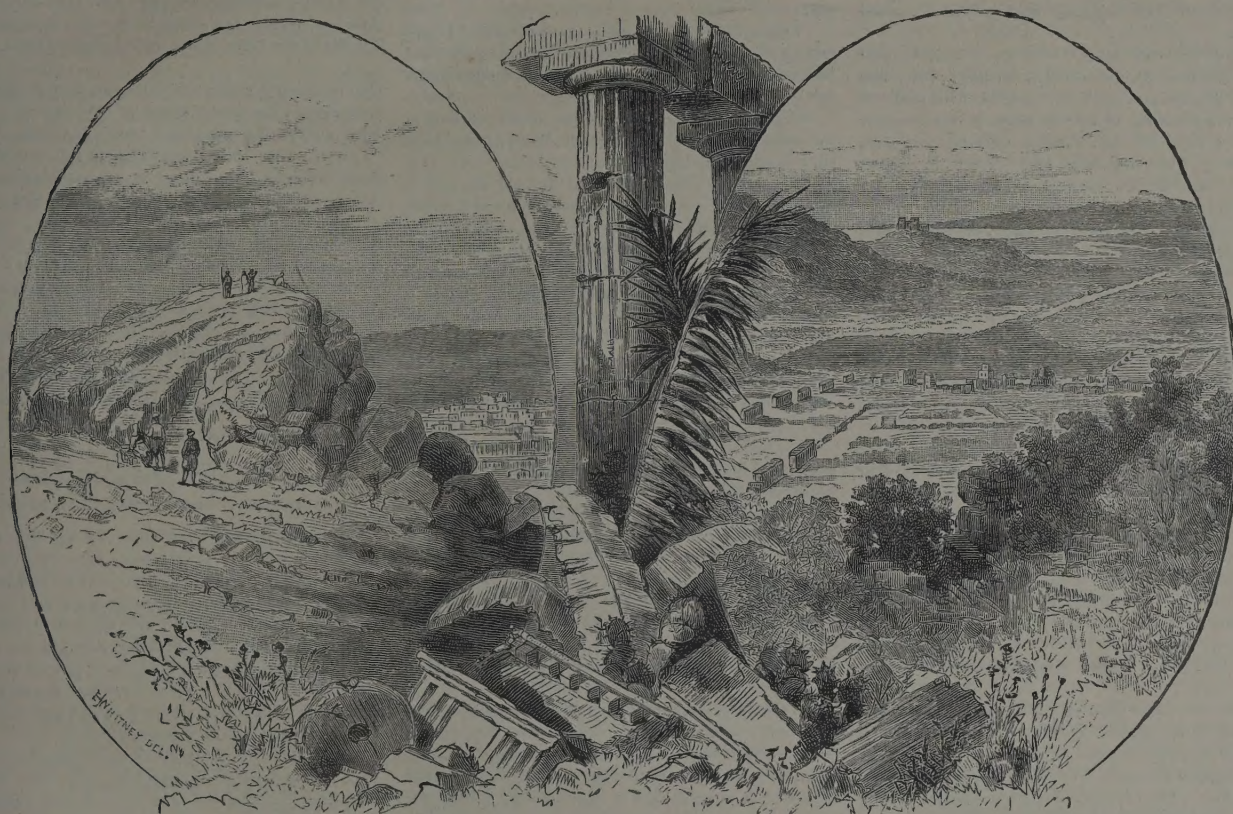
EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

[APRIL 12, 1896.]



MARS-HILL IN ATHENS, — THE PULPIT OF ST. PAUL.

EPHESUS.—FROM THE RUINED THEATRE.

For Every Other Sunday.

WAKING.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.

BABE SNOWDROP curled down in her little brown bed,
A crumpled leaf pillow beneath her fair head;
Nurse Winter was stern, and her lullaby shrill,
But her heart glowed with warmth though her fingers
were chill,
So she tucked the snow blanket and whispered
good night,
Then drew the storm curtains and put out the light.

Bright dreams hovered o'er her the restful night long,
Of sunbeams and brook-dance and wild bird's glad
song,
Till blithe Mother April peeped in at the dawn,
And rained down warm kisses, and carolled "Tis
morn!"
Then swift from the cradle the coverlet drew,
And Snowdrop woke, laughing to find her dreams true.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE TENT AT THE BRIDGE.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

AHEM-M-M!" Somebody on one side of a stream was clearing his throat, and two boys on the other side, standing in the door of a tent by a bridge, saw an old man with a kindly face looking at them.

"Well, boys," he said, "you havin' an outin'?"
"Trying to," said Charlie Sherman.

His cousin, Will Sherman, was a person who liked to share everything he knew with everybody else; and he now proceeded to tell Abram Kendall about their tent.

"We only came this noon from the city, just to camp out for a few days, you know, and we— we thought this a good spot. It is a nice oak back of us."

"Yes, a purty spot," kindly remarked the old man.

"And we find a good spring back of us."

"Yes, very good water."

"And this bridge, you see, has a little passing over it; and there is a store near here, too, we find. We are cousins, you know."

"How does he know anything about it?" whispered Charlie, impatiently, to his communicative cousin.

"Yes, yes," remarked the old man, "it is nice to have pleasant company, and a store handy, and a spring, and a bridge, and so on; but I s'pose you know what the name of this 'ere stream is?"

"Why, no, sir," replied Charlie. "The name is of small account."

"You'd best know it, boys, for sometimes there's a good deal in a name. It is Quick Stream, and we call it so because if there is a heavy rain back here in the hills the stream is quick to show it. It comes 'mazin' quick sometimes, the water does; and what I was thinkin' of was that you had better build on higher ground."

The boys looked at one another.

"Thank you," said Will, politely.

"Thank —" Charlie cut off his pronoun. He was

not quite sure of his sense of gratitude to this old man who had so freely expressed his opinion.

"Seuse me, boys; and I know it's none of my business. What I came for was suthin' else. We have a preachin' night up in that schoolhouse by the store next day arter to-morrer, half arter seven pree-cisely, and I drum up a congregation when I can. Right glad our folks would be to see you."

"Thank you, and I will come," Will assured him promptly.

Charlie did not say anything then.

When the old man had taken his kindly face away, Charlie remarked to Will, —

"Then he advises a higher location! We will take one when we wish for it."

Will looked thoughtful. He said nothing for a while.

"What are you thinking about, Will?" asked Charlie.

Should Will tell him? Will knew that Charlie might not take it just as Will wished; but when Charlie pressed him again for an answer, he said: —

"I was thinking about the sermon our minister preached the very last Sunday morning we were at home. This old man said 'Build on higher ground,' and if our minister did not say the very same thing!"

He stopped. How would Charlie take this? Will had some time ago built on higher ground, — that right about the cross.

A boy or girl gets upon good foundation when they give their hearts to the Heavenly Father and follow the example of Christ in their daily life. Charlie had heard the sermon the previous Sunday, and it made him uneasy. Sometimes when people have an uneasy conscience, they hide it under words that sound, not like a conscience trembling, but one very much hardened.

"Oh, humph! Let's not get so pious here in camp! There is sense about all things; and that old fellow round here tooting about his service in the schoolhouse can't expect folks to come to it when they want rest, and not a sensational, exciting time."

Will made no reply to that. He had a tongue, but he had a bridle for it, and the name of the bridle was sense and good-nature.

"Well, Charlie," said Will, "we will change the subject and — get — some supper. How does that strike you?"

"First rate," said Charlie. He paused a moment. Then he spoke again, "Will, you're a good fellow. I believe in your religion. Now for supper!"

The supper was voted a success. Such coffee, such sandwiches, such sponge cake, such oranges! Add such an appetite! — that is the most important item in any bill of fare.

The next day, in the afternoon, the boys started off on a tramp to High Rock. This was a locality three miles away.

"You go," Abram Kendall told Will, "up the stream till it forks. Take the left-hand branch and foller that till you come to the Rock. That's the long and the short of it. You'll come to suthin' wuth seein'."

And High Rock was found to be worth seeing. The boys were so charmed with it that they concluded to eat there the lunch they had brought with them, and take it on the summit of the rock by an open fire Will had offered to build. The fire Charlie pronounced "splendid;" and they were enjoying it, as well as the lunch, when Will said, "Hark!"

Boom-m-m-m!

"That's thunder!" declared Will.

"I don't know," said Charlie. "Maybe — maybe — cars, if they have any near."

Boom-m-m-m! rolled the thunder in heavier notes, as if to assert its identity and importance.

"No doubt about that, Will!"

"And look, Charlie! While we have been here in the woods, a big black cloud has spread over the sky."

Boom-m-m-m! roared the thunder in very imposing tones now. At the same time a big drop of rain splashed down into the dying fire.

"I reckon, Sir William, we had better leave for home as soon as we can get away, and without ceremony," was Charlie's advice.

Away went the boys scrambling down the rock, and then plunging into the woods, while the thunder roared overhead, the lightning flashed, and the rain beat heavily upon the forest. It now grew dark rapidly, so dark that when they reached "the fork" in the stream, as they supposed, they had not reached it at all, but followed a brook of much less importance than the fork. The result was they lost their way.

They plunged through darkening thickets, splashing into and out of deepening waters, until Will said: —

"There, Charlie, I am going to stop here! I have run against a tree and — oh! what is this? A hole! Let me feel. Oh, come on, Charlie; it is big enough for two!"

"Here I am! There, this is just nice! A hole in the trunk of a big tree! Good! We will stay here till the rain holds up, Will."

But the rain was not disposed to hold up. How many hours it rained the boys could only guess. They watched, then slept, and so passed the night. At last the dawn of a new day broke upon the great forest. The skies were still dripping, but through the rain the boys could see across a small pond to a farmhouse, and Will declared that he could make out a man's form on the shore.

"I am going to call to that man, Will. I can make him hear me," said Charlie.

He raised his voice and shouted, "Friend, where are we?"

The friend's answer was to run to a boat tied to a stake, and jumping in he quickly paddled to the foot of the tree the boys had tenanted.

"Why, bless us, be you the same boys? If Quick Stream overflowed and washed you up here, it was very smart."

It was Abram Kendall.

"Mr. Kendall," explained Will, "we are rejoiced to see you. We left our camp all right yesterday afternoon, tramped to High Rock, were caught in the heavy rain, and, wandering round, concluded to stop here."

"I see; say no more, but jump into my boat, and I'll row you over to some breakfast. My wife is goin' to have trout and some of her fancy biscuit. Then I'll take you to — well, the place where your camp is. You see, I find it pays to keep a boat, for Quick Stream beats everything for sudden risin's. Where we are now is suthin' of a pond, though, all the time."

That camp, visited after breakfast, what a scene of desolation it was! Abram Kendall, though, did not say, "I told ye so," but cordially went to work, the boys following him as he led off.

"Mr. Kendall," said Charlie, "I am ready for the higher place you thought advisable. The bridge stands; let us build high as those ledges on which the bridge rests."

The suggestion was carried out. The tent was pitched on one of the ledges that bore up the bridge.

"Good!" declared Abram. "And, boys, take it as a motter. You have a Heavenly Father that thinks a lot of you. Now, build on him; yes, build higher, on the rock, as Jesus said. That is a good, strong foundation. 'Seuse me, boys; but I like boys, and I like to help 'em along."

When Abram had gone, Charlie exclaimed, "A fine old fellow that! I am going to his meeting in the schoolhouse." He went.

The clergyman, as he closed his sermon, said, "Let everybody bow the head."

"Build on higher ground!" a voice seemed to echo in Charlie's ears.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

BAILEY.

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

THERE'S a little brown wren that has built in our tree, And she's scarcely as big as a bumble-bee.

She has hollowed a house in the heart of a limb, And made the walls tidy and made the floor trim With the down of the crow's-foot, with tow and with straw,

The cosiest dwelling that ever you saw.

This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes, And a foot of a very diminutive size.

Her tail is as trig as the sail of a ship; — She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a skip; And her voice, — but a flute were more fit than a pen To tell of the voice of the little brown wren.

One morning Sir Sparrow came sauntering by, And cast on the wren's house an envious eye; With a strut of bravado and toss of his head, "I'll put in my claim here," the old fellow said. So straightway he mounted on impudent wing, And entered the door without pausing to ring.

An instant — and swiftly that feathery knight, All touselled and tumbled, in terror took flight; While there, by the door, on her favorite perch, As neat as a lady just starting for church, With this song on her lips, "He will not call again, Unless he is asked," sat the little brown wren.

Harper's Young People.

For Every Other Sunday.

TWO PEARS.

BY GERTRUDE MORTON CANNON.

ONE afternoon I sat down by the fire with a plate in my lap whereon were two pears, — mellow, rosy-cheeked, delicious-looking. I peeled one and ate it; it tasted as good as I thought it would. Then I peeled the other and cut it in halves; the outside was firm and fair, but the centre was dark and decayed. Thinking a part of it might be eatable, I cut off a piece here and there, tasting cautiously; but it was all bitter, and I laid the plate aside, with the rest of the pear upon it.

A few moments later Jessie came in; her cheeks were red, and her eyes sparkled. She took off her furs, drew her chair up close to mine, and began her pretty chatter.

She told me about a new song she heard at a manuscript concert the day before, told me how pretty the table looked at a tea from which she had just come, asked me if I had read a certain pretty story in a late magazine, gave me a graphic account of a funny adventure of a cousin who was wintering in southern France, told me of some new gowns she was having made, and — well, she darted from topic to topic as a butterfly goes from one flower to another, extracting what was sweetest and brightest and most interesting from each subject.

Her whole conversation from beginning to end was permeated by that spirit which bears no malice, and which, cultivating happiness as a duty, sees only the good and the beautiful in people and things around. When Jessie rose to depart, I kissed her, and begged her to come again soon. I felt rested and happier after her little visit.

Jessie had been gone but a few minutes when Judith knocked and entered. She, too, was young and pretty, and wore a dainty gown and a most bewitching hat. Only a very close observer would notice the occasional frown between the arched eyebrows or the faint lines of discontent that were beginning, ever so little, to draw the corners of the mouth downward.

Judith had attended the manuscript concert. She said the room was awful warm, and she did wish somebody would tell Miss Smith that she was too old to sing ballads. She, too, had come from the tea Jessie had told me of. She did not see why Sue Hall would insist upon pouring chocolate at a violet table when everybody knows purple makes her look like a scarecrow.

May Allen passed her on the street as she came in. What on earth did possess May to wear such an awful ugly frock two winters in succession! She should smile to see herself do it. But then, May's father was too mean and stingy to live; he'd better be wiped off the face of the footstool without further delay. As she talked, she grew warm; and, taking off her pretty jacket, she remarked that her mother was mighty contrary to give her a sealskin coat Christmas when she knew perfectly well Persian lamb was all the go. And so she rattled on.

Sometimes she was bright and witty, and I found myself smiling at her caustic speeches; yet slang sounded strangely out of place from such pretty lips, and every unkind, thoughtless criticism jarred on one's sense of honor and propriety like "sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh."

When at last she went, I was ashamed of myself for laughing at one of her cruel remarks, or consenting, even by silence, to the justice of her complaints. I could not understand why I, who had been so happy when Jessie was with me, suddenly felt so depressed and "out of sorts."

When I sat down again, I happened to glance at my fruit-plate with the half-eaten pear. I thought of the two,—one firm and fair throughout, the other fair to look at but false-hearted. Swiftly and almost unconsciously I drew a parallel. Then I did understand.

Get work! Be sure it is better than what you work to get.
MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

SMILES AND GENTLE WORDS.

A SMILE is but a little thing
To the happy giver,
Yet full oft it leaves a calm
On life's boisterous river.

Gentle words are never lost,
How'er small their seeming,
Sunny rays of love are they
O'er our pathway gleaming.

Treasure Trove.

For Every Other Sunday.

SPENCER GAY'S REVENGE.

BY M. L. HAGAR.

IT was a jolly camp. I doubt if a jollier could be found anywhere on the whole shore of the lake. It consisted of only six boys; but they laughed, shouted, and ate enough for sixteen.

There were the two brothers, Jack and Harry Adams, both tall, both athletic, and both old for their years. There the resemblance ended. Harry, the younger, was handsome, with roguish eyes, and always a favorite with the small maidens of his acquaintance. His brother was more popular with the other lads, and was usually their leader in everything. This was perhaps the best thing for them, for he was a thoroughly good boy, though, as very good people sometimes are, a little officious.

This was somewhat of a trial to Spencer Gay, his dearest friend,—a very peculiar boy, with a fine dark face, a wonderfully acute mind, and great physical courage; he was also the unfortunate possessor of a jealous temper, which showed itself alternately in sudden passions or obstinate fits of sullenness.

The other members of the camp were Fred Elwood, a good-natured but unlucky youth, who was always the victim of some ridiculous catastrophe; Mark Clarendon, a jolly awkward lad, remarkable chiefly for his laziness, his big feet, and his vast appetite; and Ed Francis, a gay, kind-hearted, noble fellow whom every one loved.

The camp was on the shore of a large bay, dotted with tiny islands and surrounded by green hills. The tents were pitched close to the water's edge, in a little evergreen grove. They were three in number,—a large one for sleeping, and two small ones for clothing and provisions.

These boys lived in true camp style, cooking their own meals,—and wonderful meals they were too. No one could make such good coffee as Jack, nor fry bacon as deftly as Spencer; and I am sure no one could do better justice to them when they were finished than Mark.

Rowing, swimming, reading, and, best of all, delightful hours of doing nothing but lying on the pine needles, or swinging lazily in a hammock, were the chief occupations of those long summer days and evenings. The time was not wasted, however, for they were gathering strength for much hard work during the coming winter, and were learning, better than they could anywhere else, what friendship meant; for camp life involves many little sacrifices many small deeds of kindness, and much charity in one's judgment of others.

Jack Adams had formed a great friendship with Spencer Gay, whose deeper nature and keener mind had attracted him very much. Spencer in his heart loved and respected Jack as he did none of his other friends; but, as I said before, he had a jealous temper, and though he had fought against it a long time, a feeling of envy was slowly growing in his heart.

"Why am I not as popular as Jack? Why shouldn't I lead as well as he? I am as strong, as brave,—yes, and as clever as he is. It is not fair that all the praise and love should go to him, and that his word should be law in the camp."

These were the thoughts that would come uppermost in his mind in spite of himself, until he found himself almost wishing that some misfortune would happen to Jack, and trying to catch him in some wrong-doing.

Jack, too, felt vaguely that, since they had been in camp, something had arisen between him and Spencer; but, though he racked his brains, he could imagine no cause for it, and when he once asked Spencer point-blank, his questionings were received with a gruff, "Nonsense Jack, what put that into your head?"

Things had been in this state for several weeks, when one day a little cousin of the Adams boys, Herbert Adams, came to spend the day with them. He was a delicate little fellow, ten years old, and slight and small for his age, and his mother had only been persuaded to let him come to camp by Jack's assurance that he would take the best care of him. She had perfect confidence in Jack, and so felt no uneasiness about Herbert.

He spent a very happy morning with the older boys, who took him rowing, gave him good things to eat, and took him to walk till he was so tired his little legs could hardly move. But after dinner and a long rest in the hammock, when Jack said, "Now, Bertie, are you too tired to go with me to get some butter at the farm?" Herbert answered pluckily, "Not a bit, Jack; I'm all right."

So off they started, through the little grove, and along the country road to the old farmhouse.

Coming back, Jack chose a path through the woods rather than by the road, and they were strolling slowly along, when he suddenly exclaimed, "There, Bertie, I've forgotten to get some eggs, and we want them for supper. You stay here, and I'll run back,—I can go so much faster. Now just sit on this log, and don't walk around and get lost, there's a good boy."

Herbert sat down obediently, and Jack started off at a run, shouting, "I'll be back directly, Bertie."

Herbert sat there a few minutes, but no Jack appeared. Presently he got up and moved into the shade, for fear the butter would melt, for Jack had left the pail in his charge. Soon his patience gave out, and he concluded to go on just a little way, not at all out of hearing distance. So on he walked with the pail of butter, till he found himself on the edge of a wooded bluff over the water.

There was a little point near him, and as he stood listening, he could hear the splash of oars, and a voice humming softly. Curiosity possessed his soul, and he felt sure that if he should go out on the end of that point he could see who it was. Accordingly he proceeded to put this idea into execution. The point was carpeted with slippery moss; but he managed to keep his footing, till, just as he gained the end, his foot slipped, and still grasping the butter-pail tightly with one hand as he caught at bushes and grass with the other, poor little Herbert felt himself going down, down, to the green depths below. A splash announced the catastrophe to the oarsman, who with a few swift strokes rounded the point just in time to see a figure with drenched hair rise to the surface, and a pail clutched in a little hand, held high above his head.

The oarsman was Spencer Gay. In an instant he realized the situation, and knew that only because Jack had left Herbert could this accident have happened. Now was his chance for a far worse revenge than any that had ever entered his mind. If Herbert was drowned, Jack would receive all the blame, for having left him by himself. Who would know but that Spencer had come on to the scene too late?

These thoughts passed through his mind in an instant,—the darkest instant of his life. But before Herbert sank for the second time the temptation was conquered, his boots and coat were off, and he was in the water. A fine swimmer, there was not the least danger for him. Grasping him by his drenched clothing, he made for the boat, and lifted into it the dripping, unconscious child. With a despairing heart he worked over him till at last he showed signs of life, and then Spencer pulled for the camp with all his might.

Once there, heated blankets and restoratives administered by the frightened boys soon brought Herbert to a dry and sleepy condition. Fortunately he experienced no bad effects. And when Jack returned, white and scared at not finding Herbert, Spencer met him with the old affection shining in his eyes.

After the boys had told the story, all talking at once, and the temporary invalid had been visited, Spencer took Jack off into the woods, and there told him the whole story from beginning to end, concealing nothing of his temptation, excusing himself not at all for his past ill-temper, but only ending with, "Jack, if I had let Herbert drown, I never could have looked you, or any one, in the face again!"

Jack, the tears welling in his eyes, could only answer by a grasp of the hand, and a muttered "Spencer, old boy, we must each forgive and forget."

Spencer became directly the hero of the camp; but though the boys' praise was undeniably sweet to him, the thought that the misunderstanding between him and Jack was now swept away forever was far sweeter.

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is no island, cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them.

BACON.

Experience does take dreadfully high school wages, but he teaches like no other.

CARLYLE.

For Every Other Sunday.

TALLEST GRASS IN THE WORLD.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

THE giant bamboo, although known as a cane, is a true grass, and the tallest grass in the world, attaining a height of one hundred feet. Its uses are manifold. The young shoots of some species are eaten like asparagus. The stems, when ripe and hard, are converted into masts of vessels, bows, arrows, and are also used to support bridges. The Malays construct light scaling ladders of the bamboos by notching their sides; these can be very easily carried.

In India whole houses, and even the pieces of furniture within them, are composed entirely of bamboo. In this country, when obliged to cross a tract where there is no water, the natives often form large canteens of the bamboo. They take two joints, each about two feet long and six or seven inches in diameter. These they trim so that one of the partitions between the hollow spaces serves as a bottom for each. In the partition at the top a small hole is made to admit the water; this hole is afterwards closed by a stopper of some soft wood. These canteens are tied together in the shape of a triangle, and strapped across the shoulder with the point downward. For lightness and strength these water vessels cannot be surpassed; and the liquid carried in them does not acquire an unpleasant taste.

Rafts for fording rivers are often constructed of bamboo. They are made in a surprisingly short time, and if one does not mind getting wet they will prove exceedingly useful. Four pieces of bamboo are lashed together crosswise with strips of rattan so as to form a square in the centre large enough to admit the body of a man. These bamboos, being hollow and closed at both ends, are sufficiently light to sustain a man's weight above water. It is necessary, however, to learn how to balance one's self and paddle with both hands and feet. When the raft is finished, you step into the square space, lift the framework in your hands, and walk into the river.

When bruised and crushed in water, the leaves and stems of the bamboo are made into Chinese paper. The leaves of a small species are also used by the Chinese for lining their chests. Slit into strips, bamboos are woven into sails for boats, mats, and baskets.

There are about fifty species of bamboo; some are found in Africa and South America, but the greater number belong to Southern Asia. Some are thick and strong, while others are light, slender, and elastic. They range in height from two feet to a hundred, the largest size being of the thickness of a man's body.



IN THE YOSEMITE.



THE SHEPHERDESS AND HER FLOCK.

For Every Other Sunday.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF ANIMALS.

No. VIII.—*The Shepherdess and her Flock.*

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

PROBABLY some of my young readers saw "The Angelus" when it was in this country, giving delight to many people. No doubt they can still see in memory the two peasants, standing reverently in the open field with bowed heads, responding to the church bell in the distance that calls them to prayer. The artist wished in that picture to represent "the spirit of prayer," and nobly he succeeded.

The picture we have to-day is by the same artist, — Jean François Millet. We have again a peasant girl, — Millet delighted to represent peasant life. He was himself a peasant, and has been lovingly called "the peasant painter." He has been compared to the Scotch poet, Robert Burns; for as Burns sang, —

"in simple Scottish lays
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scenes,
The natural feelings strong, the guileless ways," —

so Millet in his pictures represented the simple joys, the brave struggles, the noble moments in the lives of the poor.

The story of the artist's boyhood is interesting. It shows how beautiful a life may be in the simplest surroundings. He had a good mother, who was devoted to her husband and children. His father was a man of noble character and deep religious feeling. There were many children in the family, of which François was the eldest. The grandmother also lived with them. The father and mother worked in the field. The good grandmother cared for the children at home. In the morning she would rouse her grandson by saying, "Waken, waken, my little François; the little birds have long been singing the glory of God."

In youth and in age, in homely work and in art, "the glory of God" seems to have been the watchword of the Millet family.

The grandmother was very fond and proud of her grandson, François. She was his godmother also,

and gave him his name, Jean, for his father; François, for the good Saint Francis of Assisi.

A love of nature entered into the life of François's father, full as it was of hard, rough work. He would call his son's attention to the grass and the trees and the picturesque homes in the distance, and the little boy responded with delight to this teaching. He loved to watch the clouds and the ocean, and to look at all the wonders and beauties of the field. His father, too, would model plants and animals out of clay for his pleasure, or cut them with a knife out of wood.

As soon as François was old enough he went with his father and mother to work out of doors, doing his part cheerfully. In his leisure moments he read and reread every book within his reach, and to such good purpose, that before he was twenty years old his mind was well trained. He used also to sketch the scenes about him, never dreaming that he was by and by to paint pictures that all the world would admire.

The drawing that decided his career was a charcoal sketch of an old peasant plodding wearily along, bowed with age and toil. François's father at once recognized the figure and the skill with which it was drawn, and decided that his son should be an artist.

Paul Delaroche was for a time Millet's master; but he seems to have learned more from the study of nature and the works of the old masters than from any teacher.

The works of the Italian artists, Michael Angelo and Fra Angelico, were his inspiration. The hours that he spent at the Louvre studying their paintings were hours of great delight. "There," he said, "it seemed to me that I was in a world of friends, where all that I beheld was the reality of my dreams."

The story of Millet's life as an artist is painful reading. It is a story of hardship, self-denial, neglect, of suffering sometimes for the necessities of life; but it is also a story of patience, perseverance, and courage. The artist and his wife bore all without complaint. He worked, as he wrote to one of his friends, "like a galley slave;" but for a long time his work was ill-rewarded.

Although at last he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, he did not live to know the full appreciation and fame that he had won.

"The Shepherdess and her Flock," or "The Shepherdess Knitting," is one of the most admired among Millet's paintings. It was twice exhibited at the Salon, winning success at once.

A shepherd, a shepherdess, and sheep seem to have been favorite subjects with the artist.

It was a drawing of "Sheep Browsing" that he carried to his teacher when he went with his father in those early days to learn if he really had the talent of an artist. "The Sheepfold" is considered one of his finest works. Many other pictures of sheep might be mentioned.

One pleasant fact in connection with Millet's story must be added before this paper is finished. Like Raymond Bonheur, he has a son who has, in a measure, inherited his talent, — his namesake, François, who signs his name lovingly, "Son of François Millet, a pupil of his father."

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man!

Of course I love him dearly;
But really it does seem to me,
He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day

Is right, no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,
Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by

A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head, and says, "You see
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm

For any kind of pleasure,
He says, "The corn has grown an inch —
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind

Has set my things all whirling,
He looks at me, and says, "Tut! tut!
This close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high,

And fence-posts scarcely peeping,
"How warm beneath their blanket white
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face

His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if every one
Could see things just so queerly.

Youth's Companion.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE SEARCH FOR THE WONDERFUL APPLES.

In Two Parts. — Part I.

BY EDITH CALLENDER.

IN a little brown cottage beside the mill lived the miller and his wife and their twin boys, Fritz and Hermann. A merry brook raced down the mountain-side, and turned the great wheel of the mill; a tall pine stood at the corner of the cottage, and, ah, how the wind loved to sing in its branches on cold winter nights!

All day the little boys played in the sunshine; but at night the mother sat beside them and crooned a good-night song:—

"Sleep, little babies, with eyes of blue,
Sleep in the mother's nest;
The moon is lighting her lamp for you
Down in the golden west;
Up in the pine-tree dark and high
The wind is singing a lullaby,
And all the waves in the brooklet sigh,
Sleep, little babies, sleep."

Until they were two years old even their father could not tell the boys apart. The mother had always known, of course; so she fastened a blue ribbon on Fritz's shoulder. But one day the father saw a twinkle in Fritz's eye that he had never seen in Hermann's, and after that not even the sly little rogues themselves could deceive him. No one else, however, could see any difference. Both had hair like the sunshine and eyes like the sky, dimples that danced up and down like ripples in the brook, and voices that sounded very like the hoarse sweetness of its murmur.

Now, their mother was born in the Hartz Mountains of Germany, and she knew many secrets about birds and beasts that had been handed down in her family for generations. These she told to her little boys, and taught them to be kind and gentle with all the wild woodland creatures.

One day the good miller fell sick. Doctors from far and near came to see him, but none could make him well. Finally the little mother called her twin boys, and said:—

"Fritz and Hermie, the dear father is very sick, and I am in despair; but I remember that my grandmother told me about a wonderful apple, which grows in the woods, and will cure any disease. He who eats it will die of nothing but ripe old age. All the birds and beasts know where to find it, but there are only a few friendly souls in the world to whom they will disclose the secret. Now, my dear boys, I have taught you to be kind and friendly to all creatures. Go forth into the woods, therefore, and fear nothing. The All-Father will protect you; and when the birds and beasts have learned to know and love you they will tell you their secret."

So Fritz and Hermann kissed the mother good-by, crying so softly that their father could not hear them, and, putting on their blue caps, trudged away into the woods. At first they were very sad; but soon the wind and sunshine dried their tears, and their hearts began to grow lighter. They chased each other, and played hide and seek among the trees, but not a bird or a beast did they see.

At last they were tired, and sat down to rest. Hermann turned over a stone to put it beside the one on which his brother was sitting, and underneath was a nest of little red evets. Oh, how they scuttled under the dead leaves when they saw the brothers! But Fritz begged them not to be afraid.

"We did n't know you lived there," he said, "and did n't mean to disturb you. We only want to know where the wonderful apples grow that will cure all diseases."

"Oh," said the evets all together, "we are just hatched; we don't know anything yet."

"But," one of them added, "a water-newt told me that old Kerchug, who lives in the lily-pond, and is almost a hundred years old, knows everything."

"But where is the lily-pond?" said Hermann.

"Can't you smell it?" cried all the little evets, wriggling their tails.

Fritz and Hermann stood still and sniffed. Yes, there it was,—a faint, damp, fishy smell, that reminded them of lily-pads and pickerel and floods of warm sunshine. Away they started, and in a few moments they came to the edge of a sleepy little pond in the midst of the forest. Great logs rotted in the water, lilies opened their golden hearts in the sunshine, and blue and green dragon-flies darted hither and thither.

"Kerchug!" boomed a great voice down at their feet. There on the end of a log sat the hugest bull-frog they had ever seen, swelling out his green,

slimy sides, and staring at them with great goggle eyes. Fritz and Hermann grasped each other's hands, and really trembled for fear he would burst with pride.

"I am Kerchug! I am Kerchug!" he repeated in measured accents. Just at that moment another green head with great goggle eyes popped up through the water, and another bass voice announced, "I'm Mrs. Kerchug! I'm Mrs. Kerchug!" And all around the pond voices, ranging from deepest bass to high soprano, chimed in, "We are the Kerchugs, we are the Kerchugs, we are the Kerchugs!"

It was almost deafening. Fritz and Hermann looked at each other in dismay, for it seemed impossible to put in a word edgewise. But Fritz was not easily routed. Taking off his cap, he advanced to the edge of the water, and bowed till his sunny locks touched the pebbles. Old Kerchug watched him with interest.

"Most high and mighty king of the bull-frogs," said Fritz, "will it please Your Majesty to tell us where the wonderful apples that will cure all diseases may be found?"

Old Kerchug swelled several inches. Then he lifted up his voice, and composed a song for the occasion, the refrain of which was, "I am Kerchug":—

"Away in the pines —
I am Kerchug!
Sits old Father Crow —
I am Kerchug!
You may tell him that I —
I am Kerchug!
Will permit you to know —
I am Kerchug!
Where the apples are found —
I am Kerchug!"

Old Kerchug was beginning to feel his years. He tumbled off the log, and fell with a great splash under the lily-pads, where he lay for hours in the soft ooze and rested his aching sides.

The pines were on the other side of the pond, beyond a little green meadow. The twins walked around the shore, and plunged into the thick green grass. The most delicious strawberries grew in its depths, still wet with the morning dew. Fritz and Hermann were hungry; so they knelt in the grass and were busily eating strawberries, when a beautiful bird, with black wings and a flame-colored breast, flew down between them. He took no notice of the children, but nipped off a luscious berry, and flew up in the elm-tree above them, calling in loud, musical tones, "Come here, come here, Ketury! Come here, come here, Ketury!"

The twins wondered where Ketury was; and at last they saw her sitting on another branch of the elm, dressed much more modestly than her lover, but looking very pretty and coquettish. Down flew the oriole again for another bite. This time he cocked his head on one side and looked at the children inquisitively.

"Please, Mr. Oriole," said Fritz, "in what part of the pines does Father Crow live?"

The oriole answered by another question. "What do you want of Father Crow?" he asked.

"We want him to tell us where the apples grow that cure all diseases," said little Hermann.

"Oh, ho!" said the oriole, glancing up at the tree, where his lady-love was taking little mincing steps on a bough. "Oh, ho! Aren't strawberries good enough for you?" And away the selfish fellow flew, so taken up with his courting that he could not waste a thought on Fritz and Hermann.

The twins went on their way a little discouraged; but they had not gone far when they caught sight of a little house among the trees at the side of the meadow.

"Oh," cried Fritz, "perhaps the good house-mother will give us a piece of bread and butter."

But when they reached it they found to their disappointment that the house was deserted. A great

commotion was going on, however, for a pair of phoebes had built a nest in the ruined porch, and a sad accident had just occurred. One of their little ones, just learning to fly, had caught his toe in some twine on the edge of the nest, and pitched forward. The twine had unravelled; and, though the end was still firmly fastened to the nest, poor little Phœbe hung in mid-air by one toe, uttering the most heart-rending cries, in which his father and mother and all his brothers and sisters joined.

"O my poor darling," said Mother Phœbe, "keep still, keep still! Father, can't you do anything?"

Father Phœbe was flying about in great distress.

"I don't know. I don't know. How did the youngster manage to do it, anyway?" And he pecked savagely at the string.

"Oh, don't do that!" shrieked Mother Phœbe. "You'll pull it out, and then he'll fall, and I know it will kill him."

(To be continued.)

HEPATICA.

"Good morning, sweet April,
So winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip
And a tear in your eye.
There are pretty hepaticas
Hid in your hair,
And bonny blue violets
Clustering there." — *Selected.*

For Every Other Sunday.

BIBLE TRAVELS AT HOME.

No. IX.

BY A. E. HOWARD.

WE are passing close to the south wall of the city; and near by extends what was once called the "Lepers' Quarters," demolished about two years ago. Does any one wish to mount to the watch-tower we are passing? There is a fine view of Mount Olivet, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, Gihon, and Kedron; while below lies the Tyropean valley, where extensive explorations are made, and where we shall find the celebrated Robinson's Arch. Let us go there now. This arch is named after Dr. Robinson, an American traveller, who discovered it. It is a fragment of what was once a spacious arch. See this great stone projecting from the wall. There was no way to discover what it was for, but by digging down below the wall, and at a depth of forty-two feet, they found the pier of the arch resting on the rock. It is over twelve feet thick and fifty-two long, and one of the stones of which it is composed weighs ten tons. Without doubt a bridge once passed from the Temple to the southwestern part of the city, crossing the valley. Fragments of bevelled stones were found, such as were used in ancient days for building. They lie on what was once a street, running under the arch. Twenty feet lower still a conduit was found, through which, no doubt, water once ran from a well. How ancient this is is not known, but doubtless it was there in the days of Herod.

Now, let us turn up this narrow lane, for here, on the right, is the Jews' "Wailing Place." On one side is a low wall, but on the other the wall of the Temple. Look at these enormous blocks of marble, fifteen feet long, four feet deep; see the rough surface, the smooth edge. Only the nine lowest courses of the stone are ancient. There are bright flowers growing in the crevices; creeping plants, swaying to and fro in the gentle wind. Ah! it is Friday afternoon, and the hour when the Jews come to wail over their lost city. Is it not a pathetic sight, this coming to the site of their beautiful Temple, to weep and pray over

the fallen grandeur of their beloved Jerusalem?
Listen! they are chanting.

Reader—Because of the palace which is deserted

People—We sit alone and weep.

Reader—Because of the Temple which is destroyed,

Because of the walls which are broken down,

Because of our greatness which is departed,

Because of the precious stones of the Temple
ground to powder,

Because of the priests who have erred and gone
astray,

Because of our kings, who have condemned
God,

People—We sit alone and weep.

We have not time to listen to the whole of this beautiful litany; let us go on our way, leaving behind some thought of reverence as well as pity.

We are coming now to the Gate of the Chain. The street passes over Wilson's Arch. We can reach this wonderful piece of Roman architecture by going down a long ladder. The road is eighty feet above the rock, and under it is a long tunnel. Here also is a large chamber. An Arabic writer says there was a subterranean passage from this gate to the Tower of David, which David built, and that is where David Street gets its name; but this cannot be trusted. Relics of roads have been discovered,—one twenty-three feet below the present surface,—and many interesting articles found. We cannot visit all these places, but our guide will tell us how, in digging twenty feet below the surface to find the foundations of a wall, on one side of the harem, bits of pottery were found, and fat-lamps,—probably the earliest kind of lamp used in Jerusalem. In one place, in a hole in the rock, a little jar was found, standing upright, as though purposely placed there. Then also marks in paint, and some cut with a chisel, were seen on the stones; the marks of masons, giving evidence that the stones were prepared at the quarry, near the Damascus Gate, so that possibly this part of the wall may have been built in the time of Solomon; for you will remember, there was no sound of chisel or hammer at the building of the Temple. It was in 1852 that the quarry, which we mentioned, was discovered, after being for many years lost sight of. The ground is covered with stone chips and broken blocks, and the places where the workmen's lamps rested are still to be seen.

We are coming now to another street, the "Via Dolorosa." What a singular-looking street, I hear some one say. Indeed it is; narrow, dark, zig-zag. See how the walls rise like a prison. Look at these arches, spanning the street. This lofty one, with the chamber over it, is the Ecce Homo; probably the piers only are ancient. Passing under this, we are in sight of the Pasha's palace, the state prison, and the barracks; the site of Castle Antonia. Tradition says, Christ passed through this street on his way to the place of crucifixion. There is no historical evidence of it, but the guides eagerly point out the different Stations of the Cross bearing on the events of that day.

(To be continued.)

SPRING BIRDS.

BLITHE birds, sing to the spring;
The spring has waked on this young April day;
With all your tiny voice give welcoming,
The spring has waked, we waken and are gay.

And now the spring has come;
Sing, sing, wild twittering birds, sing from the trees,
You who, as I, can only feel a home
In the great earth when glad with days like these.

AUGUSTA DAVIES WEBSTER.

THE WREN AND THE DRAGON-FLY.

(A Parable.)

ON a warm day in summer a little brown wren came to the edge of a pool, and as she drew near she saw a glorious creature hovering in the air on four great wings of brown gauze, and catching the gnats that flew past him. She had never seen so wonderful a being, and she stopped to gaze upon his blue and yellow rings, and his eyes that shone like diamonds. And as he observed her admiration the beautiful creature said,—“Do my eyes dazzle you, little brown stranger?”—“I have never seen anything like them,” she answered; “they seem to me to be not one pair, but innumerable eyes gazing in all directions.”—“You speak truly,” answered the other. “There are thousands of eyes in each, and because I have so many I am the king of all the flies, and they call me the dragon-fly. How many eyes have you?”—“I have but one pair,” the wren said humbly.—“Then you can never be on your guard against an enemy?”—“Only by constant watching,” she said; “but, may it please my lord, I see an enemy approaching even now,” for a child with a net was drawing near.—Now, though the dragon-fly had many thousand eyes, yet he could see but a little way with them. Howbeit, he would not own to his failing, but told the wren that there was no danger, and hovered still in the same spot. And the wren with the help of her one pair of eyes escaped, but the dragon-fly was taken in the net, and perished miserably; for one good talent is better than many poor ones.—*The Quiver.*

For Every Other Sunday.

OUR NATURE.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

WHEN winter's here with ice and snow,
And the air is clear and keen,
We think when summer breezes blow,
To be the best, I ween.

But when with thaw we have the spring,
We long then for the fall;
For drier weather that will bring
Us games of bat and ball.

When summer comes, with stifling heat,
Why, then, as sure as fate,
We wish for ice,—a ten-mile sheet,—
Whereon we all may skate.

And now, as autumn is at hand,
We long again for spring,—
For spring, at whose supreme command
The babbling brooklets sing.

Remember, you; remember, all,
To value most the present;
Do not on other seasons call,
For this we have is pleasant.

D. I. TOR.

For Every Other Sunday.

BUSY BEE.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

HER real name was Beatrice Hartwell, although nearly every one called her “Bee” or “Busy Bee.” She was a bright, good-natured little girl, and always ready to help.

When papa came home at night, he found his little girl sweet at the gate to meet him, with a bright smile and sweet kiss. If it was too stormy for her to be at the gate, she was at the door, ready to go with him into the library, where he found his slippers and his easy-chair in the cosy corner by the fireplace.

In one thing, however, Bee was an unfortunate child:

she had no mother. She died when Bee was but a few days old; so Bee found father and mother in her papa.

One stormy day, as Bee was looking out of the window at some sparrows on the ground, a little newspaper boy came along, calling, “Boston ‘Globe,’ ‘Journ’,” ‘Her’ld!’ To-day’s pap’s!”

He went by the house nearly every day, and whenever Bee saw him she would nod and smile in her pleasant manner. She often thought that she would like to know all about him, and have a chat with him. When he came back again, she ran to the door, and called to him in her clear, sweet voice; for a thought had just entered her mind, which she meant to carry out as soon as possible.

“Please, sir, will you come here just a minute?” she asked, as the little fellow turned to see what she wanted.

“Did you want a paper, miss?”

His was a bright face, but it was red with cold. His hands looked cold also, as he drew them out of his pockets in order to take off his cap; for he was polite, and knew that he was talking with the child of a wealthy merchant.

Bee quickly saw that he looked cold and tired. Her spirit of giving happiness rose more than ever as she gazed upon the neatly mended rags with which the lad was clothed.

“Yes, I want a ‘Herald.’ Then papa can read it to-night. Have you any more places to go this afternoon?” she asked.

“No, miss, except back to our lodging-place for the rest of the day. Have you an errand you want done?”

Bee looked at him for a moment, and then said quietly, “How late have you eaten?” For he did not appear to have had very much of late.

His face turned redder than the storm had made it. “Please, miss, I had a piece of bread last night, and I guess I’ll get another bit to-night, somehow.”

“Oh, dear, how can you live? I supposed every one had something to eat three times a day. Papa won’t be home till seven, and while I’m waiting for him you shall have something to eat. Come into the nursery with me.”

So saying, she drew the lad into the hallway, and, after closing the door, took him upstairs before he could say a word. She vanished for a few minutes, after seating him in a chair near the hearth. She soon returned with a tray full of bread and milk and doughnuts.

“Now you shall eat enough to make up for what you have n’t had this morning and this noon.”

“I don’t want to eat it without paying for it, miss, and I have just enough to get my to-morrow’s papers with,” he said, with a very grateful look toward the generous giver.

“I know a way you can pay for it,” said Bee, cheerfully. “You shall tell me all about yourself, how you live, and bring me a paper every day. I’ll give you the money for the next six days’ papers, so you can get what you want.” And she slipped some money into his hand.

“I’ll do it,” exclaimed the boy; “and if ever I can do anything more for you I will. You’re different from most of them. Would your father like it, though, miss?” he said, after a moment’s thought.

“My papa said only this morning that his Busy Bee should do all that she could to help along the poor and needy. If he knew about you, he would be sure to like what I intend to do.”

“Yes, my dear, as soon as we have heard what your boy has to say about himself we will see what can be done,” said Mr. Hartwell, as he suddenly appeared on the scene.

“O papa, I’m so glad you’ve come!” cried Bee, in her delight to see him.

The little fellow—I suppose I ought not to call him little, for he was about ten years old—soon told his story. He was an orphan, and lived on what he could get from selling his papers. His name was Joel Stone; but he was known among the boys as “Sober Joe,” for he was a neat, clean fellow, unlike the rest of them. Mr. Hartwell saw that the boy seemed an intelligent, honest lad, as he was.

Soon after, if you had gone into a certain store on B—Street, you would have seen a tidy, bright fellow running here and there as cash-boy. If you had gone with him to his lodgings a little later, you would have seen two heads, one with black hair, and the other with long golden curls, deeply interested in a book. These were Bee and Joel.

NINA H. PRESTON.



EDITOR'S CHAIR.

So many things, and such good ones, are in this number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY that the Editor slips into this little corner and looks out beamingly on the readers, saying little.

Those who are studying the lessons on Saint Paul will get help from the pictures on the first page.

Did you all have a joyous Easter? Tell the Editor something about the day, and what took place. We have a charming story, "Tony, the Easter Bunnie," by Mrs. Coolidge, which will soon appear.

LETTER-BOX.

STREATOR, ILL.
DEAR EDITOR, — I am a junior of the Church of Good Will Sunday School. I have written a story for our EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, and would be very much pleased if you would publish it. I am pleased with it, and hope you and every scholar in our Sunday School will also like it. This is all I have to say, so good-by.

Yours truly, ANNA KOENIG.

WORCESTER, MASS.
DEAR MR. EDITOR, — We take the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY in our Sunday School. I like it very much. I like to work out the enigmas. Enclosed is an anagram which I made up. I would be very much pleased to see it put in the paper.

Your loving reader, SARAH IRENE OLIVER.

STREATOR, ILL.
DEAR EDITOR, — Some time ago I sent you an enigma, — Enigma XXII., — and it was published in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. This time I have sent you one that is much harder, although its answer is very common to all, and within sight of all who try the puzzle. Hoping to see the enigma printed, I remain

NED GRIGGS.

ROCK, MASS.
DEAR EDITOR, — I thought I would send you an anagram. I do not know as it is a very good one, but it is my first attempt at making puzzles, and I thought I would send you one.

I am yours truly, RUTH H. PIERCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
MY DEAR EDITOR, — In all of the enigmas I have never seen one to which the answer was Channing, and I thought I would make one. I also enclose a diamond, which I hope will be good enough to print. I am one of the pupils of Miss Hottel's class, and she is a very good teacher indeed. We are now studying great men, — such as Luther, Wesley, Calvin, Channing, Huss, and others of that kind, — also "Life in Palestine when Jesus lived;" and the time allotted for study is very short to us, as we get so interested in the work. Enclosed you will find the puzzles. Very sincerely yours,
CHARLES WHITNEY DALL.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

I stood between my brothers twin,
My brothers twin you well might guess,
The likeness is so very plain,
And both look cross, I must confess.

Each one of them is good as ten,
But I am thin and small;
And if I stand between them, then
Their power will somewhat fall.

Nineteen we represent, we three,
When ranged in such condition;
But twenty-one you all may see,
If I take right position.

So many another to his sphere
Contributes naught of worth or grace,
Whose value plainly would appear,
Could he but reach his proper place.

INDEPENDENT.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A CONSONANT. Encountered. Dug from the earth.
Dressing leather. A consonant. BERTHA M.

ENIGMA XXXII.

I AM composed of sixteen letters.
My 1, 2, 16, is a boy's name.
My 4, 11, 6, is something most of us like to eat on bread.
My 7, 16, is opposite to out.
My 1, 7, 12, is a place for coal.
My 5, 10, 13, is a close, large vessel or ship.
My 9, 5, 3, is a cooling arrangement.
My 14, 5, 6, 1, is what Mary had.
My whole is a great man.

LUCY C. SWAN.

ENIGMA XXXIII.

I AM composed of twenty-two letters.
My 14, 2, 3, 4, is a kind of food.
My 7, 8, 12, 10, is a part of the body.
My 3, 4, 5, is a musical tone.
My 7, 2, 22, is a food for domestic animals.
My 1, 9, 9, 13, 15, is a part of the mouth.
My 21, 20, 6, 16, is surface.
My 8, 17, 18, is terminus.
My 19, 9, 11, is a church seat.
My whole is in the New Testament.

HATTIE W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 15.

Enigma. Joseph H. Crooker, Helena, Montana.
Anagram. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.
Enigma XXVIII. Joseph Jefferson.
Enigma XXIX. Man shall not live by bread alone.

A HIDDEN ZOÖLOGY.

1. Lion; 2. Leopard; 3. Jackal; 4. Ferret; 5. Panther; 6. Marten; 7. Mandrill.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CONTRIBUTIONS. *The Unitarian Sunday-School Society appeals to the churches and Sunday Schools for prompt and generous donations to its treasury, in view of the important and extending work which it has in hand.*

CONCERT EXERCISES. IN EVERY OTHER SUNDAY for April 26 will be published an entertaining dialogue entitled, "The Farewell of the Spring Flowers." This can be used with good effect in concert exercises, and includes about fifteen children. There is nothing difficult about it, and the idea is happily carried out. Extra copies of the paper will be published to meet any orders. Price for single copy, postage prepaid, 5 cents; 40 cents a dozen.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS. A four-page leaflet, printed in colors, has just been issued by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, containing seven of the choice Psalms. These are on linen paper, and intended for use in Primary teaching. The memorizing of such passages is a very valuable part of the early education of children. Price, 2 cents a leaflet; same rate by the dozen.

A BOOK OF SONG AND SERVICE. This help to Sunday Schools was published about a year ago, and in that time ten thousand copies have been printed to meet the demand. One hundred and twenty-five Unitarian and Universalist Sunday Schools have introduced the book. Hearty commendations have been received from many sources with regard to the worth of this Song and Service Book as an actual aid in the school work. It is also adapted to the needs of Guilds and social-religious meetings; there is nothing at present better for these purposes. Price, 40 cents a copy; \$4.00 per dozen.

OUR FAITH. A little slip has been printed by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society for free distribution (any number of copies), which contains the summary of Unitarian faith as originally stated by James

Freeman Clarke. It consists of five points: 1. The Fatherhood of God; 2. The Brotherhood of Man; 3. The Leadership of Jesus; 4. Salvation by Character; 5. The Progress of Mankind, onward and upward forever. The same is also printed on a large sheet or cardboard, to be hung on vestry or chapel walls, in two forms: first, on heavy paper, to be rolled and sent away in a tube by mail or express; second, on stiff cardboard, to be taken away by the purchaser at the book department. Price for either of the large forms, 25 cents; postage prepaid.

BEGINNING OF CHRISTIANITY. The current leaflet lessons issued by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society are now midway in the course on the "Beginning of Christianity." The lessons for April are "Paul at Athens," "Review," and "Paul at Corinth." The popularity of this course is shown in the wide circulation of the lessons. The pictures of the Primary grade can well be used by teachers in the Intermediate. Price of the four-page leaflet sheet, which is prepared by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer and Rev. Edward A. Horton, containing the Intermediate and Advanced, 50 cents a hundred. Price of the Primary leaflet, also four-page, prepared by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes, 50 cents per hundred.

A CATECHISM OF LIBERAL FAITH. This valuable manual, by Rev. C. F. Dole, is meeting with favor. The contents are specially adapted to the thoughtful consideration of Advanced classes. There are a great many suggestive ideas in the book, calculated to stir thought and make the class sessions interesting. It is also a book well worthy a place in the household library. pp. 112. Price, in cloth, 35 cents a copy; \$3.50 per dozen. Paper covers, 20 cents a copy; \$1.80 per dozen.

FLOWER SERVICES. The Unitarian Sunday-School Society will not issue a new service this year for Children's Sunday, or Flower Sunday. There will be reprints offered of the favorite exercises formerly published. The new Song and Service Book is greatly supplying the demand for special services, and for the present removes the necessity somewhat of issuing separate pamphlets.

HEART GARDENS. The picture lessons on cardboard advertised in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY for March 1 have had quite a sale. These are symbols, with texts and sentences, for the use of the Primary classes, and are in the line of Kindergarten work. The first quarter consists of 12 cards. Price, 5 cents a set, postage added. Second quarter, 13 cards, subject, "Saint Paul's Armor," same price.

CATALOGUES AND TRACTS. A catalogue of the publications of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society sent free, on application, to any address. Six tracts are also published for free distribution by the same Society, 25 Beacon Street, on the following subjects: "Sunday-School Attendance," "The Class a Parish and the Teacher a Minister," "Mrs. Motherwell on the Sunday School," "What is needed to make a Successful Sunday-School," "What shall we do with the Sunday School?" and "Music in the Sunday School." Several Statements of Unitarian Faith, by different authors, in rhyme and prose, can be ordered in any number for Sunday-School use without charge.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Boston.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

THE uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is forty cents a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday Schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools. Twenty-two numbers constitute a volume; publication is suspended in July and August.

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